

YOUNG FOLKS

Two Visits.

To visit Aunt Julia is just heaps of fun. We wear our old clothes and we race and we run. "Go try the new swing," says Aunt Julia, "my dears, it's put up so firmly you need have no fear!" Since you were here last there's a lot to be seen. Take a look at my garden, all starting up green. I don't forget the new chickens out back of the shed. And when you get hungry there's fresh gingerbread."

When we go to Aunt Esther's, we wear our best clothes. We hold up our heads and we turn out our toes; We look at the album with pictures so old. When father was only a baby, we're told. But when she says, "Children, here is your treat, For I know you like sweeties and nice things to eat," James brings in a tray, but—the cakes are so small. We could each eat a tray full and not mind at all! —Youth's Companion.

A Fable for Old and Young.

Once a child who thought well of herself was walking along the street, and saw another child, who was poorly clad.

"How wretched it must be," she said to herself, "to be poor and shabby like that child! How thin she is! And how her patched cloak flutters in the wind; so different from my velvet dress and cloak!"

Just then an angel came along. "What are you looking at?" asked the angel.

"I was looking at that girl," said the child.

"So was I," said the angel. "How beautifully she is dressed!"

"What do you mean?" said the child. "I mean this one coming toward us. She is in rags, or at least, if her clothes are not ragged, they are wretchedly thin and shabby."

"Oh, no," said the angel. "How can you say so? She is sparkling white, as clear as frost. I never saw anything so pretty. But you, you poor little thing, you are indeed miserably clad. Does not the wind blow through and through those flimsy tatters? But at least you could keep them clean, my dear, and mended. You should see to that."

"I don't know what you mean!" said the child. "That girl is a ragged beggar, and my father is the richest man in town. I have a white dress and coat, trimmed with expensive fur. What are you talking about?"

"About the clothes of your soul, of course!" said the angel, who was young.

"I don't know anything about souls," said the child.

"I shouldn't think you did," said the angel.—Laura B. Richards.

Lion, Wolf and Fox.

A Lion was old, weak and infirm; all the beasts of the forest presented themselves at his den to pay him their respects. The Fox alone did not appear. The Wolf took this occasion to try to win the favor of the king of animals.

"I can assure your majesty," said he, "that it is only pride and insolence which prevent the fox from appearing before you. He is not ignorant of your illness, and he is only waiting for your death to take possession of the throne."

"Did him come here," commanded the king of animals.

He came, and, suspecting the Wolf of having played him a bad turn, said: "I fear, sire, that some one has blackened my character in your mind; but permit me to give you a faithful account of the reasons for my absence. I was on a pilgrimage, and was fulfilling a vow. I made to aid your recovery. I found in my journey skillful and learned people whom I consulted about your malady; I have been so happy as to be informed of an infallible remedy."

"What remedy?" demanded the Lion eagerly.

"It is," responded Master Fox, "the skin of a Wolf, wrapped, all warm and reeking, about your body."

The king of animals approved the remedy. Instantly the Wolf was seized and slain, and the monarch wrapped himself up in the skin.

Those who seek to blacken others by false reports are sometimes the victims of their own wickedness.—Chicago News.

Adverb Game.

One person must go out of the room while the others choose an adverb, such as pleasantly, crossly, slowly or haughtily. When he returns he asks the company questions in turn, which they must answer in the manner of the adverb they have chosen. For instance, if they have chosen "sweetly" for their adverb they must put an extraordinary amount of sweetness into their replies, but if they have chosen "snappily" they must answer in an equally disagreeable manner, or in a spiritless way. The object is for the person who asks the questions to guess from the answer what adverb has been chosen.

One of Nature's Blunders.

During the first year of the Hosford's residence at their newly acquired country home Mrs. Hosford was in a chronic state of surprise, with many periods of indignation. "Just because I've always lived in the city, they take advantage of my ignorance to make me believe all sorts of stories," she said, plaintively, one night, to her husband. "I have been real provoked, but now I'm just hurt."

"What's happened?" inquired her husband, as he prepared to listen.

"Why, old Mr. Compton, our neighbor down the road, told me that the tree which had the most apple blossoms was likely to have the most apples."

"That's all right," said Mrs. Hosford, "and I believe him."

"Seems reasonable," assented her husband.

"Oh, but it's just the other way," said Mrs. Hosford, with considerable heat for a person no longer provoked. "The tree that I got the very most blossoms from, the one that almost decorated the Hibbards' parlor when Margaret was married, has hardly any apples on it at all!"

PERSONS OF MANY NAMES.

Farmer Lad with a Name for Every Letter in the Alphabet.

One cannot help sympathizing with Lieutenant Tollemache, who, after groaning for many years under the burden of seven Christian names containing no fewer than sixty letters, has at last decided to jettison five of them and to be known for the future as plain "Leo de Orellana Tollemache," a designation long enough surely to satisfy any reasonable man.

And yet the gallant lieutenant, according to Tit-Bits, was an enviable person compared with the other members of his many named family, nine of whom share 103 Christian names among them, ranging in number from ten to seventeen, the latter number being the baptismal dower of one of his sisters, who if ever she has time to sign her full name must write: "Lyona Declm Veronica Bayth Uadine Cysa Hylda Rowena Viola Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache."

After such an autograph as this one turns with relief to the royal signature of the Empress Dowager of China, which contains but a paltry fifty-nine letters, or to that of a native of Hawaii, who is content with fifty-one letters, eight of which are K's and fifteen A's.

That a multiplicity of names is not the prerogative of the higher classes was proved a few years ago when the infant boy of a Buckinghamshire farmer was presented at the font with twenty-six Christian names, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, from Abel to Zarahiah, and when a farm laborer handed a list of twenty-one names to the vicar of a church near Tunbridge Wells as the dower of his baby boy. Fortunately for the child, the father was induced to cut down the allowance to half a dozen. Even thus we can imagine that in future years that boy will look with envy on the offspring of a Mr. Penny, who labeled his children One Penny, Two Penny, and so on, up to the full shilling's worth of pennies.

The absurdities of Christian names are illustrated in a Sussex jury list of the seventeenth century which may be seen in the British Museum. Among the jurors of that time were Safety-on-High Snot of Uckfield, Kith-Sin Pemble of Westham, Flight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White, Small-Hope, Biggs, Faint-Not Hirst and Earth Adams, although after all the names are no more remarkable than those given a few months ago to twin infants in the Midlands, who will go through life as Faith Hope Charity Rogers and Pentateuch Rogers.

Jasper's Lofly Aim.

John Allen of Tupelo, who while in Congress used to be known as "Private John," enjoys telling of a unique character near his home known as "Jasp" White. Jasp had lived in single blessedness a good many years, but finally, in the evening of his life, he married, and in due time an heir was born to him. The day after this momentous event, a writer in Lippincott's Magazine states, Mr. Allen met Jasp in the street.

"I understand, Jasp," said the "Private," "that you've a fine baby boy up at your place. Have you decided on his name?"

"Yes, suh," chuckled Jasp, "we's already decided on a name."

"What's it to be?"

Jasp traced one toe reflectively in a semi-circle before him. "You know, suh," he said, finally, "I's allus been a powerful han' for dem Scripture folks, an' so I's decided 't name de kid after some o' dem big officers what de Bible talks 'bout. I's settled on de name Beelzebub."

"Beelzebub?"

"Yes, suh, dat's de name!" announced Jasp, in a tone betokening finality. "Beelzebub's a mighty fine name, suh. It shure looks like I's aspirin' pow'ful high, but I figures dat boy'll be a credit to his name."

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Duties of Old-Time Carvers.

At the formal banquet of the sixteenth century the man who carved the meat was bound with the red tape of precedent. When carving for distinguished guests he had to remember that certain parts of the birds or meat must be set aside. In carving for his lord and lady he was expected to exercise great discretion in the size of the pieces he sent around. "For ladies will be soon angry and their thoughts soon changed, and some lords are soon pleased and some not, as they be of complexion." He was expected to have the rules both of the kitchen and the peerage at his knife's end. A pike, for instance, must be dished up whole for a lord, and in slices for commoner folk. The rank of his diners, too, determined whether a pig was to be served up whole, sliced, plain or with gold leaf, or whether new bread or bread three days old should be eaten.

Ball Players Wanted.

Wife—I wish you would get some of those base ball players to spend the coming summer with us.

Hubby—What for?

Wife—"The papers say they are 'death on flies.'"

Many a woman trusts a man with her affections who wouldn't lend him 39 cents.

HIGH DIVING FROM THE CLIFFS OF ENGLAND.



The view shows the last of a series of remarkable dives recently made from the Saddle Rock, Torbay, fifty feet high. The man in mid-flight is B. T. Verry of the Torquay Leander Club, who was captain of the Cambridge team in 1905. The second man is F. G. Collings, a member of the same club. Owing to the extreme narrowness of the peak, which is reached by crawling on all fours, the men are unable to stand abreast. One, therefore, stands behind the other, and directly the first goes over, the second springs from the edge, clearing the rocks below, in the direct line of his leader.

ONA INDIANS WERE DESTROYED.

White Man Coveted Their Land for Sheep and Used Treachery.

In his article on his adventures among the Ona Indians of Tierra del Fuego in Harper's, Charles F. Furlong charges the white colonists with having wantonly destroyed this once strong race.

"Less than three decades ago the primitive inhabitants, the Ona Indians, lived, hunted and fought from Anagard point in Magellan strait to Beagle channel.

"Had the whole island been like the southern half, to-day the Onas, in all probability, would be in control of practically all of their original domain. Had it been like the northern half, the world would undoubtedly look upon the hunting grounds of an extinct race. As it is, within less than thirty years the Onas have shrunk from perhaps 3,000 to 300, and all because they possessed land the white man coveted for his sheep, and had an inborn courage and ferocity strong enough to oppose him.

"With the establishment of the first sheep range, in the early '80s, began a cruel and persistent warfare on the part of the white man. In reprisal for the land from which he was driven, the Ona raided the range at night for the 'white guanaco,' as he called the strange animal, the sheep, which he found not only easily captured, but sweeter and more tender to the taste than the wild guanacos of his island.

"These raids were so persistent and assumed such magnitude that it really became a case of Indian or sheep, and the scattered settlers with their rangers began a warfare of extermination in which hundreds were engaged and the 'chunkies' shot on sight. Occasionally a large number with their women and children were rounded up and shipped to Dawson island, where tuberculosis-infected quarters soon accomplished their work. It being a case primarily of bullets against arrows in an open country, the result was obvious. In treachery the white man outdid the Indian. He invariably took him at a disadvantage and played false with his trust, even resorting to poisoning one of the Onas' main food supplies, the blubber of stranded whale."

The Value of His Time.

Young physicians in the smaller towns have an idea that appearing very busy will help them greatly in starting a practice. The following is told by ex-Senator Godfrey Hunter of Kentucky. Dr. Hunter had a call the afternoon following the hanging out of his "shingle," and started through town in his buggy at terrific speed. A policeman stopped the enterprising physician.

"Doctor," he said, "it is against the city ordinance to drive at the speed you are going. You must accompany me to the judge and pay your fine."

"What is the fine?"

"Five dollars."

The doctor's hand flew to his pocket. "Here's ten dollars; I have to come back just as fast as I am going."

—Success Magazine.

The bass drum covers a multitude of mistakes made by the rest of the band.

KEPT IN TRACK BY "GUIDES."



BLIND ATHLETES MAKE WONDERFUL TIME.

The Overbrook record for 100 yards is 14-5 seconds, very remarkable time when all things are considered. The runners being blind, it is obviously necessary that they shall have some means of knowing whether they are keeping to the right track or not. Therefore wire cables stretch the full length of the track. On these are slung large enough to run easily, and to these rings are attached short chains with handles. The runners hold each a handle, and are thus able to keep an exact course. The tape also takes a novel form. It consists of a hanging fringe of cords. This the blind runners strike with their faces, and so realize that they have reached the winning post. This fringe of cords is similar to that used on certain American railroads to warn the brakemen on the top of freight cars that a low bridge is near.—Illustrated London News.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

It is not time that the unwritten law be cast back into the dusty closets of feudal prophecies and ancient folk-lore whence it was taken? To recognize such an influence is to bow to the half-savagery of the middle ages, to offer praises to murder and to issue a certificate of merit to the agent of assassination. Recent trials have indicated not only that the plea of emotional hysteria is falling in the courts, but also that sentimental hysteria is disappearing from the jury box. The imposing hypothetical question may find a witness—properly coached—ready to say yes at the end, but, with the company termed by the oratorical lawyers of the '50s "that sacred flame of civilization—an intelligent jury"—one-half might be counting the buttons of the judge's coat and the other half snoozing. The presentation of new varieties of insanity is not uninteresting, but it has lost its mystic charm. The game is largely worked out. The unwritten law we have beheld invoked to excuse the avenger of an outraged fireside and with success. A jury in a recent sensational trial was divided in a case of murder brought about by a frenzy of jealousy. The argument was lost entirely when employed in defense of politicians who resented with firearms the criticisms of a newspaper. Let us hope that the last American community has ceased to license murder by giving approval to the law unwritten.—Toledo Blade.

THE GULF HURRICANE.

ONE of the triumphs of man over nature is the great sea wall which protected Galveston against a repetition of the horror which submerged the city nine years ago. The whole country rejoices with Galveston that no life was lost within the wall and that the property loss from the flooding of sewers was insignificant.

The hurricanes which periodically start from the hot waters of the equatorial Atlantic or the Caribbean sea and hurl themselves against the low-lying coasts of the Gulf of Mexico are freaks. They are more apt to come late in August or early in September than in July. It is not often that they spend their greatest force upon the same part of the coast twice in so short a time as the period between the two visitations of Galveston.

A dozen years or more ago the hurricane headed for the delta of the Mississippi river and drowned hundreds of fishermen and squatters whose huts had been built upon that low alluvium. Once in a while the storm piles up the water of the Gulf of Mobile bay and floods the lower part of the city for two or three blocks back from the river front. But Galveston, which is practically on an island, is the only one of the Gulf cities where the need of a protecting sea wall has yet become apparent.

The exceptional severity felt at Galveston is easily explained. When the hurricane follows the Gulf stream northeastward its fury is visited upon shipping in the

Atlantic and upon frail structures along the coast. Its course being in the open sea, parallel with the shore, the water doesn't pile upon the land as it does in the Gulf of Mexico.—St. Louis Republic.

THE DAY OF CHEAP FOOD.

IF the day of cheap food has passed, as we are now informed with great frequency, there will soon be proof of it in a visible movement from the cities to the farms. Good wages in America have added greatly to our urban population.

High prices for food, if maintained and justly distributed, cannot fail to carry many thousands back to the land. The fact that no such shifting of population and industry is in evidence proves that food is high only in spots and that manipulation rather than scarcity is to be charged with the soaring prices.

In Manhattan a measure of potatoes or beans or onions or berries is to many people a luxury. One hundred miles distant is may be almost worthless. In one place the man who would buy finds prices high. In the other place the man who would sell meets an indifferent demand and nominal prices.

It is not true, therefore, that the day of cheap food has passed. There has been no important change except in the congested markets. Transportation charges, the profits of middlemen, the exactions of combinations and the other costs of distribution and delivery have increased in spite of improved methods, but the enhanced prices rest upon products which in the first instance barely paid for their growth. If our farmers received a fairer proportion of the money paid by consumers for their commodities they would be the richest class of workmen in the world.—New York World.

A LESSON IN MISSIONARY WORK.

LSIE SIGEL, granddaughter of the famous civil war general, voluntarily entered the field of settlement work among the Chinese of New York City. She was a missionary among the heathen Chinese in the thickly populated section of foreign New York City. She was found murdered, her mutilated body being packed in an old steamer trunk. The man or men to whom she had brought the message of the gospel turned upon her and killed her.

It is almost incomprehensible that the girl should have fallen in love with her celestial convert, and yet there are the incriminating letters said to have been written by her. If this element of romance was an actual fact, then jealousy or revenge must have been an element. Certainly there was treachery somewhere, and a "converted" Chinaman murdered the young girl missionary.

Here is a lesson in missionary work, and the question arises, does it pay to sacrifice lives and treasure in an attempt to compel the followers of religions older than ours to accept Christianity? Will somebody answer this question?—Cleveland Press.

QUEER STORIES

In Norway those who are not vaccinated may not vote.

In June British imports increased by \$28,000,000 and exports by \$13,000,000.

Alexander mutilated the dead that the sight of them might be as horrible to the enemy as possible.

The revenue of the commonwealth of Australia for the last financial year was \$71,750,000, a decrease of \$3,325,000.

Lightning kills one-half of those it strikes, while a few of the survivors are rendered blind, deaf, dumb or partially paralyzed.

The "Place-makers Bible" is so called from a typographical error which makes Matt. v. 9, read: "Blessed are the place-makers" instead of "peace-makers."

The annual report of the Montreal harbor commissioners says that Montreal is now handling a greater volume of business monthly than any other North American port except New York.

An irrigation project to cost \$25,000,000 is on the cards in Argentina, the principal railways to do the work and be paid by the government in 5 per cent irrigation bonds, with the water rentals to take care of the bonds.

The Tracoe Bible got its name from its rendering of Jeremiah viii, 2: "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" instead of balm in Gilead. It was printed in 1568. The same text was rendered in the Douai version, 1609. "Is there no rosin in Gilead?" This Bible was called the Rosin Bible.

All degenerative diseases that cause so much suffering and death in civilization are absent from the Eskimo. No arteriosclerosis, Bright's disease, cirrhosis, diabetes, catarract. The pure, sterile arctic air contains no germs, but Eskimos invariably take a bad "ship cold" when they go aboard white man's ships.

During the coronation festivities of 1906 the consumption of meat in Madrid was much smaller than at ordinary times. Despite the large influx of visitors. This was due to the fact that the majority of the working classes get no wages while on holidays and are consequently compelled to go without their meat.

The Geneva version is sometimes called the "Breaches Bible," from its rendering of Genesis iii, 7: "Making themselves breeches out of fig leaves." This translation, done by the English exiles at Geneva, was the English family Bible during the reign of Elizabeth and was supplanted by the version of King James in 1561.

Miss Gertrude MacArthur, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, in New York, has been appointed a teacher of English in the peeresses school at Tokio, Japan. This school has only the daughters of the nobility of Japan for its pupils. A daughter of the Mikado is being educated there.

The Eskimo mother teaches the baby in the hood of the fur jacket on her back next to her skin. Babe is nursed two years, but at six months begins to blubber for blubber. Eskimo women are absolutely free of those surgical diseases which are filling and running our hospitals over, the curse of the times.—New York Press.

VANISHING TIMBER.

Trees Cut Three Times as Fast as They Are Growing.

Nobody knows exactly what the timber supply of the United States is. There has never been a timber census taken in this country. With a few exceptions no State has made any close estimate of its forest resources. But the demand for information on the subject which has attended recent agitation has been so marked that the Department of Agriculture has prepared a pamphlet in which an attempt is made to give a fairly accurate showing of facts. The assistant forester, who is responsible for the compilation, has collected his data from many sources. He claims no special authority. On the contrary, he invites criticism and correction of statements in the interest of more complete knowledge of actual conditions.

The original forests of the United States were found in five distinct areas, called for classification purposes northern, southern, central, Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast. The estimate is made that they covered 850,000,000 acres and contained 5,000,000,000 board feet of saw timber, according to present standards of utilization. There were 100,000,000 acres of scrubby forest and brush land, principally in the West, which has been available for post and fuel material.

Cutting, clearing and fire have reduced this enormous acreage of 850,000,000 to 550,000,000. The 5,000,000,000 board feet have dwindled to 2,500,000,000. The stand of timber in every region has been reduced in greater proportion than the actual forest acreage. The clearings in the central part of the country to make place for rich farms account for that. A first examination of these estimates leads the reader to wonder why so much has been said about the exhaustion of the forests. The supply seems abundant enough for a great many years.

Further study of the statistics in the pamphlet, however, reveals the reason for anxiety. The yearly drain upon the forests is some 20,000,000,000 cubic feet. Figures are given for lumber, lath, shingles, firewood, poles, posts and rails, railroad ties, pulpwood, coopers stock, tankbark and excelsior, round mine timbers, naval stores and miscellaneous products. The annual growth of the old is estimated at less than 7,000,000,000 cubic feet. In other words, the timber is being destroyed three times as fast as it is growing. The end of such a process is not hard to see. That is where the need of the forester comes in. By showing what Germany is doing, for example, in keeping the annual growth always ahead of the annual destruction, the pamphlet points the way to the right course of procedure in the United States.—Chicago Tribune.

Some people are noted for their ability to recollect things that never happened.

A STANDISH TRADITION.

All students of genealogical matters know that as a rule family traditions are extremely untrustworthy; but Dr. Myles Standish of Boston relates an interesting incident which proves that this rule, like others, is not without its exceptions. Doctor Standish, who is the eighth in direct descent from the great captain of Plymouth, has written a genealogy of the Standish family in America, and has acquired a fund of information about the earlier family in England that enables him to straighten out the tangled skeins of the ancient family history.

When Doctor Standish was a boy his father told him that it was a family tradition that on the wall over the fireplace in the main hall of the ancestral home of the Standish family at Standish, in northern England, there was painted the portrait of one Mary Standish, said to have been the most beautiful woman of her time in England, and famed in the family annals for having sought out single-handed a band of raiding Scots who came down over the border to attack Standish Hall.

The story made a deep impression on Doctor Standish, as it had on his father when it had been passed on to him from a remote generation, and when he became a man and was able to visit the Standish ancestral seat in Lancashire—the first of his family in America to do so—he had by no means forgotten it.

Standish Hall has been continuously in the same family for at least 700 years—a record approached by but few estates in England—and Doctor Standish, as a representative of the distinguished American branch, was cordially received.

When he was conducted over the older part of the great house which has stood unchanged for centuries, his attention was called to the portrait of Mary Standish, said to have been the most beautiful woman of her time in England, and famed in the family annals for having sought out single-handed a band of raiding Scots who came down over the border to attack Standish Hall.

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